LETTERS

WRITTEN FROM

LEVERPOOLE, CHESTER, CORKE,

The LAKE of KILLARNEY,

DUBLIN, TUNBRIDGE-WELLS, and BATH.

By SAMUEL DERRICK, Esq;

Master of the Ceremonies at BATH.

VOLUME II.

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CONTENTS of VOL. II.

Letter		Page
XX.	To the Earl of CORKE	1
XXI.	To the Earl of CORKE	5
XXII.	From the Earl of CORKE	10
XXIII.	David Mallet, Esq; to Mr. DERRICK	13
XXIV.	T—— R——, Esq; to Mr. DERRICK	16
XXV.	To T—— R——, Esq;	21
	Letters from Tunbridge-Wells	27
	Letters from Bath	49
	Letters describing Killarney, written by W. Ockenden, Esq;	81

LETTERS.

LETTER XX.

To the Right Hon. the Earl of CORKE.

Dublin, Nov. 10, 1760.

My Lord,

I HAVE, a few days ſince, experienced, more fully than ever, the happineſs of being patroniſed by a nobleman of your lordſhip's rank, virtues, and taſte. The two laſt have been ſubjects moſt pleaſingly deſcanted upon by the earl of Shannon, to whom I had the honour of delivering your letters. I can never enough acknowledge his excellency's goodneſs to me, notwithſtanding, my lord, there was a very material omiſſion in both your letters; which was that of my name: however, he was ſatisfied with that from my own mouth; and I was to intreat you to aſſure him, when you write next, that I am no impoſtor; of which, indeed, he ſeems very well convinced. Although his time is much engroſſed by national buſineſs, more eſpecially as there are ſome diſputes at preſent ſubſiſting between the lord-lieutenant and the lords juſtices, I had the honour to dine with him yeſterday alone: and he inquired, with all the kindneſs of a parent, into the occaſion of my coming to Ireland at this time. It is impoſſible

to ſpeak with greater warmth and affection, than he does of your lordſhip: no man can have more at heart the intereſt of another. His excellency has eaſe, addreſs, good-humour, and ſincerity—I repeat it, my lord, becauſe I am convinced of it—Sincerity, which proves Party a liar when ſhe denies it to him. He tells me, he was king's-ſcholar at Weſtminſter-ſchool, in Dryden's time, and carried a torch at the interment of that great poet, being then ſeventeen years of age; ſo that he muſt now be ſeventy-eight; yet his ſpirits and vivacity ſuffer no abatement; his faculties are not at all impaired; his application to public buſineſs is unwearied; he reads without ſpectacles, and his hands are free from the tremor incident to old age. He ſays, that the ſon of our friend——, who is ſettled here, and, as he ſuppoſes, has a notion of coming into parliament at the general election, remains a ſtranger to him: with which he he ſeems not pleaſed, as family-connexions were ſufficient for his introduction, without an uſher. I gave the young gentleman the proper hint; and by this time I believe he has made ſome amends for the neglect.

I have been very ill ſince I laſt did myſelf the honour to addreſs you, or I ſhould not have been ſo long ſilent. While confined, I applied myſelf to correcting the Tranſlation, which I have taken the liberty to incloſe. I know, if it paſſes the teſt of your lordſhip's judgment, I may venture it into the world, fearleſs of the ſneer of malignity, and the cenſure of the partial critic; ſince it is univerſally allowed, that you

are

are not only one of the beſt proſe-writers of the age, but an elegant poet.

From the lake of Killarney, we went to Limerick, Clonmell, Waterford, and Kilkenny; but I had no time to make any obſervations worth ſetting down. In our ride to Limerick, my fellow-traveller and I chanced to peep into a deer park, where the country people were ſpreading toils to catch a doe, to be turned out for the chace; but we were not permitted to depart till we promiſed to dine with the lord of the manor. Your lordſhip muſt know ſomething of him, Mr. Wyndham Quin of Adair. His houſe is ſmall, but elegant; and pleaſantly ſituated on the banks of a moſt delightful river. Here we were entertained with an excellent dinner, and treated with ſuch politeneſs and eaſe, as greatly enhanced the favour of the invitation. At our departure, Mrs. Quin, who is a very amiable woman, gave us a letter to the ſheriff of Limerick; and, in conſequence thereof, we ſat down the next day with that gentleman, the mayor of the city, and one of the aldermen, to a table well ſerved, and furniſhed with excellent wines; and found the company agreeable, ſenſible, and well-bred.

From Limerick we proceeded to Waterford, and lay that night at the Globe inn in Clonmell, where our accommodations of every kind were extremely good. The politeneſs of the maſter of this houſe I ought not to paſs over in ſilence: finding, by our converſation, that we were ſtrangers, and hearing me regret the want of a recommendation to any perſon at Waterford,

(without which, a man can form but ſcanty ideas of the places through which he paſſes) he preſently obtained, from Mr. Bagwell, a banker of the town, a very obliging letter, written on our behalf, to Mr. Newport, a wealthy merchant in Waterford, wherein he mentioned us as gentlemen from England, travelling to ſee the country; recommending to him, for the honour of the national character, to make our ſtay in Waterford agreeable: and Mr. Newport received us with great civility.

As I am come to anchor, (allow me the expreſſion) and ſhall make ſome ſtay in this port, give me leave to hope for a letter: and ſhould you have any commands, be aſſured, no body will be more exact in carrying them into execution, than he who has the honour to remain,

My Lord,

With great reſpect,

Your Lordſhip's

Moſt gratefully obliged, &c.

LETTER XXI.

To the Right Hon. the Earl of CORKE.

Dublin, Nov. 17, 1760.

My Lord,

WE ſet out from Waterford on Saturday morning pretty early, and thought to have reached Kilkenny that day. After travelling fifteen long miles, we came to an inn, having, for the ſake of meeting with an indifferent one, gone two miles about; the other road, which is over a high mountain, called Knock-topper, being alſo more barren, ſtoney, and ſolitary. The houſe at which we ſtopped to bait, was that of one S—, ſon to a dean of the church of England, and who is on that account encouraged by the neighbouring gentlemen; though, being a ſeventh ſon, he was ſcarcely ever better provided for. This houſe ſtands at the foot of a bridge, over which you paſs the Nore into a poor village, called Thomas-town, in the county of Kilkenny; a borough which ſends two members to parliament.

Here the rain began to pour down, ſeeming to threaten us with a ſecond deluge; and the wind blew with ſuch vehemence, as if it meant to harrow up the earth. We were glad to have a roof over our heads at any rate, and therefore tried to make ourſelves as happy as we could with a good

a good turf-fire, indifferent mutton, and punch-royal; their claret, when drank by itſelf, being inſufferably bad.

As I went towards the ſtable, happening to aſk the oſtler what o'clock it was, "Paſt three, ſir,"—ſays a whimſical-looking man, ſtarting ſuddenly upon me from an out-houſe, and holding up in his hand (that I might look at it) an old chaſed gold watch, large enough for a warming-pan—"juſt three minutes and a half after "three: look, ſir, I go with the ſun, and am "pretty exact: my watch, ſir, (you ſee it) is a "family-watch; though old, it is very true: "gad, ſir, I am ſixty-three myſelf, but tough "as an oak. I am contented; I have enough "to live on: let the world go as it will, I am "never out of humour; though I was a little "dull when my poor wife died.—Ah! ſir, had "you known her, you'd ha' ſaid ſhe was a good "woman. I never could lye above ſtairs ſince "ſhe died— There, ſir, that's my houſe."

He would have continued to run on at this rate, had not a country man, with a ſcroll of paper in his hand, approached, as if to him— "Stay a minute, Patrick, I'll talk to you.— "Patrick, ſir, is mighty honeſt; he is one of "my tenants, and has a diſpute with a taylor "about a doe ſkin. I am a magiſtrate here "this year, and a juſtice of peace: I owe my "commiſſion to the earl of ———, my great "friend. Between you and me, I make up all "differences among my neighbours amicably, "and never take a fee."

Here honeſt Patrick advancing again, as if out of patience, this human alarm-bell turned its noiſe upon him; and I eſcaped into the houſe, bleſſing my good ſtars for being thus happily rid of ſuch a torrent of impertinence.

Having given you a ſpecimen of the modeſty and reſerve of this extraordinary perſonage, it remains for me to deſcribe his figure and dreſs. He was about five feet nine inches high, meagre and raw-boned; his face long, hollow, and wrinkled; his eyes ſunken; cheeks thin enough to admit light through them for the counting his teeth; his mouth wide, and his noſe aquiline. His wig had been once a grey bob; but wind and rain, the attacks of both which it had ſo long borne, as to bid them defiance, had reduced it to the merit of one of thoſe additions to dreſs, which in Rag-fair people dip for, in a bag, for a penny, provided they are taken as they riſe: his hat was of a heavy felt, ſet off by an old yellow trimming, that had once been a gold-lace: his threadbare coat was worn down from ſcarlet to purple: under it he had a tarniſh gold brocade waiſt-coat, made up at leaſt in Eighty-eight: a foot-ſoldier would have been reprimanded, upon guard, for ſuch breeches: his ſtockings were coarſe blue worſted; his ſhoes, brogues; his buckles, braſs; and his couteau, Paris plate.

I applied to my landlord, to be informed who this counterpart of Don Quixote could be. "A "captain, ſir," anſwered he, "but not now "in the ſervice: he is a widower: that houſe "on the hill (the white houſe) is his: he has

"a-

" about ſix hundred pounds per annum." S— was here interrupted by the captain, who bounced into the room without ceremony. " I beg " pardon, gentlemen," ſays he, " but it rains " d——d hard; you can go no farther; and if " you will venture to my houſe, I'll find you a " bottle of good wine. I have got ſome pic- " tures, too, worth ſeeing." The mention of pictures induced me to cloſe with the propoſal, and we preſently ſet out for his houſe, which was not above two hundred yards diſtant. Here he led us into a parlour, the walls of which were painted brown. Over the chimney were the buſts of the duke of Cumberland, and St. Patrick, in plaiſter of Paris. There were likewiſe medals of Homer, the king, and Fanny Murray, of the ſame ſtuff. The beſt things in the room were a neat tent-bed, in which he himſelf lay, and an excellent Kilkenny coal-fire, one of the properties of which is to yield a clear flame and ſtrong heat, without ſmoke. The windows were ſo bad, that we were obliged to keep as far from them as poſſible; for the rain drove in ſo as to overflow half the room, and the maid appeared at leaſt once in every five minutes with a mop and pail to dry up; while he gave us to underſtand, by hints, that ſhe ſerved him in more capacities than one. " I am a batche- " lor, gentlemen"—" A widower, I thought, " captain."—" Aye, a widower or a batchelor, " it is the ſame thing. So, as I was ſaying, " I am a batchelor: my houſe is my own, and " all my tea-things: that's my ſilver tea-kettle; " I make hot punch in it in winter. You muſt " know, ſir, my father was a ſad dog: he uſed " me ill when a boy; ſo I ran away, and liſted " as a foot-ſoldier. When he died, he left me

" three

"three hundred pounds a year: the country peo-
"ple call it ſix, but it is not; nor was I ever a
"captain: I was indeed, a lieutenant, and,
"when my father died, ſold out and came
"home. He built this houſe; and among
"many other choice things, left me this collec-
"tion of pictures." Here he threw open a parlour-door, and diſcovered the white walls of a room, covered with the worſt prints I ever ſaw, ſome glazed, and ſome varniſhed: among the former, the beſt were ſome pewter-plate engravings of the Adventures of the Prodigal Son; among the latter, the Game of the Gooſe, and the Stages of Man's Life, cut a capital figure. Diſguſted at the ignorance, oſtentation and talkativeneſs of this oddity, I thanked him abruptly for his good claret, of which he gave us (I ſhould have premiſed this) two bottles; and, perceiving the weather a little fair, ordered the horſes, and ſet off, for Kilkenny. But I muſt conclude, fearing your lordſhip is by this time, as much tired of the copy, as I was of the original.

I have the honour to be,

My Lord, &c.

LETTER XXII.

The Right Hon. the Earl of CORKE, to Mr. DERRICK, at DUBLIN.

George-Street, Weſtminſter.

Nov. 25, 1760.

I AM extremely obliged to you, ſir, for many very civil and very entertaining letters. You was a bird of flight ſo long, that it was in vain to attempt to overtake you; and ſince your arrival at Dublin, an event has happened, that has employed, and ſtill employs, my time in a very buſy, and not a very agreeable manner. I need not tell you, I mean the death of the king: ſo that you will find me a poor correſpondent, as election-buſineſe ngroſſes my whole attention: yet let me hear often from you.

I am truly ſorry to have omitted your name, in my letter to my dear and ever-honoured kinſman, lord Shannon. I hope you are now ſo perfectly well known to him, that I need not ſay, "My lord, my friends's name is Derrick, "and his godfathers and godmothers thought "proper to chriſten him Samuel, well foreſee-"ing he would be a prophet or a poet."

I am ſorry the C—— has not been to wait upon lord Shannon. Urge him from me to pay his duty there, not only now, but conſtantly: if he is not as firmly attached to my noble kinſ-

man

man as I am, I renounce him for ever: but, indeed, I have not any doubt of his attachment, however defective he may have been to introduce himself where he ought to be known.

I wish you would lay aside compliment in your future letters, although such encomiums as you bestow on me, seldom fail to carry with them some pleasure. The flattery of fools, indeed, is like scratching where it does not itch; but where men of sense present the gratification, (for it is then a gratification) the case is extremely altered; we wish to be scratched. There are those who are more vain, but less ingenuous, that will tell you, they are free from this pruriency; but I frankly own that I neither am, nor desire to be thought, void of it.

You cannot expect, in my present hurry, that I can read your translation carefully: I have looked into it, and think it just and spirited. I believe a translation of all Juvenal, from your hand, would be a valuable-work; and yet, I fear, it would be thankless and unprofitable. But, in what manner so ever you chuse to employ your talents, I shall be obliged to you, if you will favour me, from time to time, with the fruits of your labour. I have ever been an unfeigned admirer and well-wisher of persons of ingenuity, and more cordially so, when they are in the number of my friends: as such, you have a double claim to an assurance of my being,

SIR,

Your true humble servant,

P. S.

P. S. Your friend, David Mallet, is in the gout; and I am confined by a cold. I fear we cannot meet ſoon.

LET-

LETTER XXIII.

DAVID MALLET, Eſq;

To Mr. DERRICK, at DUBLIN.

George- Street, Hanover-Square,
Dec. 18, 1760.

SIR,

LORD Corke told you in a late letter, that I was ill: it is true, I had been for ſome time confined to my chamber by a fit of the gout, but am now much better. I have ſeen your Tranſlation of Juvenal, and like it: it has been ſpoken well of by many people of taſte, to whom lord Corke has ſhewn it: but I fear you will find it hard to convert reputation into profit. Praiſe is good ſauce to a dinner; and when a poet has dined heartily, he can reflect with pleaſure on his riſing fame. I am told you have this ſatisfaction often at lord Shannon's table. I have ſeen a letter from him, in which he ſpeaks of you in a manner that does you great honour, and gives me real pleaſure.

I have had three letters from you, which demand my thanks, as they were friendly and entertaining. My not ſending you any anſwer proceeded from no difficulty I found in writing. I deferred doing it, till I could be able to wait on Mr. Stone. I have reaſon to think he will men-

tion you to his brother, the lord primate of Ireland: he has taſte, learning and goodneſs. If you can ſecure his patronage and lord Shannon's, it may raiſe you above a ſtate of dependence and attendance, the bleſſings of which you have long experienced.

Now you have a fair opportunity to elude the farther influence of evil fortune; the road is open, the view clear: a living in the church will handſomely terminate the proſpect. It is in the power of the primate and lord Shannon to make you eaſy this way; much more ſo as they are lords juſtices, and your acceſs to them unimpeded. The church-livings in Ireland are very comfortable.

In Roman Catholic countries, it is uſual for the unfortunate to take refuge in the church. This practice is not confined ſolely to foreign countries: there have been inſtances of gentlemen, who have here taken the air on Hounſlow-heath, exchanging the piſtol for the gown. Thus have they eluded the vigilance of the centries, found a ſnug ſanctuary in the church, and adorned the iſland of ſaints. Why ſhould not a fair honeſt character ſucceed in your caſe, as well as daring villainy in thoſe I have mentioned? It is eaſier to riſe in the church than in any other department: ſome talents and abilities are required to fill any other ſtation—but to be a j—e or a b—p—

"Lawns and furr'd growns hide all."

I remember an old French dancing-maſter, (an ancient family-piece) who had long depended upon the late D. of D—t for a proviſion.

His

His grace was appointed lord-lieutenant of Ireland: monſieur was ordered to follow in his train. Various methods of ſettling him were propoſed: all were clogged with inſuperable objections, and unſurmountable difficulties. At laſt the church was thought of; and, though he knew nothing of Greek, was a ſtranger to Latin, could not read Engliſh, and ſpoke very bad French, he was thruſt into orders by ſome obſequious pander to his grace's will, and, I am aſſured, was inducted into a very profitable living.

I am,

With great truth and affection,

DEAR SIR,

Your moſt faithful ſervant,

D. MALLET.

LETTER XXIV.

T—— R——, Eſq; To Mr. DERRICK, at Dublin.

Twickenham, Sept. 13, 1766.

DEAR SAM.

I Never miſſed you ſo much as I do at this minute. I never ſtood in ſuch need of advice; and I have no body, in whom I can confide, on whoſe judgment and integrity I can depend. Our acquaintance was not of a ſudden growth: I tried you long, before, on my part, I permitted it to cement; and I muſt confeſs, the more I know you, the more I find myſelf flattered in the condeſcenſion ſhewn on your part.

I ſhall never forget, with what diſintereſted candour you ſteered me through the dangerous channel, into which I had been hurried by the impetuoſity of paſſion and inexperience of youth; but you have ſcarcely brought me ſafe into harbour, before new tempeſts threaten to drive me again out to ſea; and, unleſs you kindly direct my courſe, I may be driven upon ſhallows more fearful than before.

I came

I came hither to apply myſelf, for the ſummer, more cloſely to my ſtudies; and I was ſo pleaſed with my project of retirement, that I had, in imagination, already attained to all the dignity of a Somers: there was nothing between me and the tribunal of lord high-chancellor. But, by looking too high, I have forgot my footing, and ſlipped down a precipice, which it will coſt me ſome pains to climb up again.

It has been my practice, ever ſince I have lodged in this neigbourhood, when I had finiſhed the daily taſk which I had laid out, to divert myſelf by rambling round the delicious meadows that ſmile on every ſide of this terreſtrial paradiſe, or elſe to find entertainment in wandering through Richmond park, or cutting-in to Whiſt or Piquet with a party that generally hold in at the coffee-houſe on the Green, where I ſometimes find a ſtraggler at billiards, with whom I ſport a little caſh; and, indeed, I find myſelf no bad proficient.

But the ſcene is changed on a ſudden; and my brain, inſtead of being turned to Viner, Blackſtone, and the tremendous folios of the law, is once more gone madding after a wench: ſcience ſinks before love: pomp, eminence and reputation, give way to young deſires, rolling eyes, and heaving breaſts.

To be plain, here is a wild young girl, whom I knew laſt ſummer at Knareſborough, and who is at this place on a viſit to her uncle, a merchant in the city. I have met her of an evening

with other young ladies, amuſing themſelves by the ſweet banks of the river; and renewed my acquaintance. One thing imperceptibly brings on another: I chatted with her till I began to eſteem her, and that eſteem is unaccountably grown into affection. You could not have avoided the ſnare, with all your affectation of gravity. She can be ſerious when ſhe has a mind; and her turn of converſation is then poliſhed, and extremely ſenſible: if ſhe chuſes to change the grave for the gay, her wit and vivacity are charming.

Prithee, Sam, do not laugh at me——I believe I do cut a ridiculous figure——I cannot help it——but I am in love; in love, up to matrimony and canonical benediction.

I have written to her, and ſhe is punctual in anſwering. To convince you that ſhe does not want for ſolidity and underſtanding, I have ſent you a copy of one of her letters: it is the laſt I received. Read, and give me your opinion—— "ex pede Herculen!"

"I confeſs, ſir, I am not without vanity: all "women have a paſſion for being admired, or "elſe I know little of my ſex's nature: I think "I have ſeen as plain girls as myſelf triumph "over exulting man; but never dreamt I had "ſufficient power to make ſo valuable a con-"queſt, as you give me to underſtand I have "done, in your laſt polite note. You there "bid me, when I write, be critical. Can you "then think, that a woman, with an under-

"ſtanding

" ſtanding weak and uncultivated, like me,
" would preſume to criticiſe upon a man of
" your learning, abilities and genius?

" In ſcience deep, in virtues unconfin'd,
" Zealous for truth, and friend of human-
" kind;
" Of taſte the rule; in ſtyle correct, polite,
" Where ſenſe and candor, judgment, wit,
" unite;
" Refin'd as courts, as rural hearts ſincere;
" In morals blameleſs, and in honour clear.

" I have but one reaſonable excuſe for at-
" tempting to anſwer you; the hope I have of
" improving by your correſpondence. The
" good advice which you give me ſhall be always
" uppermoſt in my thoughts. I eſteem you as
" my preceptor, as my guardian angel.

" You are profuſe of compliments; and,
" for your ſincerity, refer me to my glaſs:
" there I can find no charms, except thoſe your
" wit is pleaſed to beſtow upon me, nor any ad-
" vantage above others of my ſex, except that
" of being beloved by you.

" You may believe me, when I aſſure you,
" that, notwithſtanding the vanity of my ſex,
" I think myſelf particularly happy in having
" a lover, to whom I am obliged for my charms.
" I take a ſecret pleaſure in being admired by a
" man, who can raiſe his miſtreſs to the rank
" of a goddeſs. Pleaſed with your glory only, I
" read with delight all thoſe praiſes you offer
me;

" me; and, without reflecting how little I de-
" ſerve them, believe myſelf ſuch as you de-
" ſcribe me, that I may be the more certain of
" pleaſing you. I hope I have not here ſaid
" too much; for, in your letter, you ſtyle
" yourſelf my lover. If I am wrong, correct
" me."

From this ſpecimen you will, I am ſure, allow that ſhe is a girl of ſpirit and underſtanding. For God's ſake, then, write me a few lines as ſoon as you can. Be free in your advice: for, be it ever ſo diſagreeable, I ſhall conſider it as coming from a friend. My ſituation is perplexing; my head and heart are both out of order: no-body can give me ſo much eaſe as you can: then do not forget him, who is always, and muſt be, very ſincerely,

Your, &c.

T— R—.

LETTER XXV.

To T— R—, Eſq. at TWICKENHAM.

Dublin, Nov. 16, 1766.

I HAVE, my friend, a letter of your's now lying before me, which I found waiting for me in the poſt-office. You confeſs therein, that you are juſt eſcaped from a ſhipwreck, and are again voluntarily running in the way of a ſimilar danger. There is ſo much folly in your conduct, that, had I not a moſt unfeigned regard for you, I ſhould not have ſet myſelf down to write,

Let me conjure you to remember, that there are two things, which will inevitably deſtroy a man of your tender feelings and unexperienced credulity; the wiles of woman, and the deluſions of play.

Without guard, caution, or remembrance, you are expoſing yourſelf to both. I tremble for your ſituation! yet you do not want for natural good underſtanding: be warned! exert it! you will find you are deviating faſt from the paths in which you ought to tread. Retreat in time, recover the ground you have loſt, and you will become a comfort to your parents, an honour to your family, a joy to your friends, and an ornament to your country.

Once

Once more let me entreat you never to form any connexions with a lady, be her merits in your own eye ever ſo conſpicuous, without firſt having conſulted your very honourable and affectionate father. You are not of years or judgment ſufficient to chuſe for yourſelf. You bid me write freely: I have too great a friendſhip for you to do otherwiſe. I know the draught is diſagreeable; but you conſult me as a phyſician, and I preſcribe it as neceſſary. Should it offend, I ſhall not repent of having performed the duties of my function.

Yet I comfort myſelf with ſuppoſing, the perplexities mentioned in my friend's letter are merely the effuſions of a gay moment, a trial of ſkill with my underſtanding; and that this miſtreſs of yours is rather a ſally of invention, than an exiſtence of truth.

For the preſent, let your Study be your miſtreſs; court the Science, in which you are deſtined to figure, with the conſtancy of a lover. If you attend her not cloſely when young, ſhe will give you but ſmall conſolation when you are old. You have talents, let them not be buried: Nature has beſtowed them for uſe. We ought always to have one certain point in view, and that ſhould ſtimulate to ſomething worthy of our exiſtence. There cannot be a finer than what the ſtudy of the law preſents. Your object was in the chancery: I wiſh you would not loſe ſight of it. I am no enemy to pleaſure; but there is a time for all things. Let the Syren ſometimes amuſe and refreſh you: it is neceſſary; Nature requires a little relaxation: but

let

let her not take "the priſon'd ſoul, and lap it "in deluſion."

Many a man is, for want of a proper exertion of the reaſon which owns him, loſt, for ever loſt, in her embrace, who might otherwiſe have been of ſervice, nay, perhaps a glory, to his country.

Ambition is the moſt uſeful ingredient in "this mortal mixture of earth's mould." It may ſometimes produce bad conſequences; but are we led to any thing great without it? I have had large draughts of pleaſure in my time; but believe me, Tom, the reflexion of one day ſpent in ſearch and improvement of knowledge, outweighs years of her Elyſium.

Virtue, my friend, through deſpiſed and laughed at, may, by a little acquaintance, and ſerious attention, be found poſſeſſed of the moſt prevalent and unfading charms. Cuſtom will make her appear every day more lovely; Folly will ſhrink before her, and Vice drop every allurement in the rays of her light: liſten to her converſation, you will like it, and ſoon grow fond of her company.

You yourſelf ſay, "one thing imperceptibly "brings on another:" "eſteem grows from "acquaintance," and "affection ſprings from "eſteem." But why ſhould I thus diſſertate to you? You know what friendſhip is; and a true friend cannot be unacquainted with virtue.

By

By this time, I can aſſure myſelf, you will be very cautious, more ſo than ever, of what engagements you make with the fair; and, though I do not forbid you (you ſee I talk cavalierly) to cut in at Whiſt, or amuſe yourſelf with a ſtrangler at billiards, yet I would have you be careful never "to think yourſelf a proficient;" there is danger in the thought: nor to bett more than is juſt ſufficient to keep alive your attention to the game.

If once you play for more, anxiety ſucceeds, and you expoſe an open, generous temper, to the temptations of inevitable ruin. The contracts made at play are inconſiſtent with, nay contrary to, all laws human and divine. I would not affront your knowledge by quotations to ſupport my aſſertion; I dare ſay, more will occur to you than I could produce.

If you trace the hiſtory of play, (and, to the diſgrace of human underſtanding, it is very voluminous) you will find it fraught with the moſt terrifying ſcenes; with public, private, and perſonal calamities, no where elſe to be paralleled; with miſeries that cannot be exceeded. There are no arguments, that can be urged in ſupport of play, but what muſt give way to the ſtrength of ſound and rational examination, ſupported by the irreſiſtible teſtimony of experience. Believe me,

DEAR TOM,

Always yours ſincerely.

LETTERS

WRITTEN FROM

TUNBRIDGE-WELLS.

LETTER XXVI.

To —— ——

Tunbridge-Wells, Auguſt 3, 1762.

I HAVE never been well ſince I left Dublin. Perhaps your hoſpitality, and that of the reſt of my friends, during my ſtay in Ireland, may have given occaſion for my complaints. I am, however, for the preſent—a water-drinker!—I cannot ſay I reliſh it much; but it agrees with me, and I have a much better ſtomach than when I came down.

To ſatisfy its cravings, here is plenty of the beſt proviſions, and at each tavern, good cooks to dreſs them. I ſay, each tavern; for here are two, which are alſo uſed as inns, with pretty good accommodations. A little money, well laid out, would make them much better; but it ſeems, the landlords have no great turn for expence and improvement; and the tenants cannot afford either; for their rents run high, and they have ſeldom more than two months to earn a maintenance for themſelves and their families during the other ten.

This conſideration furniſhes a ſtrong excuſe for the expence, which viſitors at this place complain of. The poultry is indiſputably the beſt

beſt in England; the mutton can no where be exceeded, perhaps not equalled; and the beef and pork are incomparably good. The venders of proviſions here make ſtrangers pay much dearer for them than the inhabitants. I believe that cuſtom is the ſame in every place which has a peculiar ſeaſon. I am told, the country round abounds with pheaſants, partridges, and all ſorts of game, excellent in their kind. From the obſervations I have made ſince my arrival, I am induced to think, a man may live here, from the end of September to the middle of June, as cheaply as in any part of this kingdom. During this time, the face of a ſtranger is a curioſity, and "here is room for contemplation, "till the mind burſt with thinking."

The ſoil is either a light, white ſand, very troubleſome when there is any wind abroad; or a deep loamy earth, which horſes can hardly drag through in rainy weather; nor is there any great pains taken with the roads: ſo that in winter you are in a manner cut off from an intercourſe with ſociety.* Though there is a turnpike-road all the way from London, I cannot ſay much for the goodneſs of it: that which lies

* The Turnpike-roads from London to Tunbridge wells are vaſtly improved ſince this letter was written. There are as fine roads made into Suſſex and Surry as a man would wiſh to travel; and two turnpike-roads have been laid out, according to act of parliament, to open a communication between this place and Brighthelmſtone; which will be of the higheſt conſequence to the two places.

be-

between this place and Tunbridge town, is kept in very bad order.

We were obliged to alight, about ſeventeen miles from London, at the top of a very ſteep hill, commonly called Madam's Scutt, perhaps a corruption of either Maiden's Court, or Morain's Court, the name of a neighbouring houſe. We walked down this hill to eaſe the horſes, and had ſcarcely got into the carriage again, when we were alarmed by the appearance of two or three men well mounted, who, looking very earneſtly in, paſſed us; then, returning full gallop, one of them rid up to the poſtillion, while the other endeavoured to make for the ſide of the chaiſe. Our fears, however, were ſoon diſperſed, by the latter telling us he was the beſt butcher in Tunbridge-Wells, and that he hoped for our cuſtom: the other proved to be a barber, who was endeavouring to ſecure the management of our heads, in preference to the reſt of his brothers of the baſon. Theſe gentry are very troubleſome, if not intimidating; for they have ſo much the appearance of highwaymen, that I ſhould not be in the leaſt ſurpriſed to hear that ſome one or other of them had been ſhot. The tradeſmen of Tunbridge-Wells, who uſe this ſilly practice, are called Tooters, or Touters, from the people of Tooting in Surry, who ſet the example by way-laying the company formerly reſorting to the mineral waters of Epſom-Wells in that county.

The town properly called Tunbridge-Wells, where the mineral water ſprings, lies in a narrow gut, ſurrounded by hills, which are very ſteep;

ſteep; and in bad weather it is hard work for horſes to drag up them: the aſpect of the country round is bare and barren, and from the variety of rocks ſeen every where about, one would imagine it was formerly the bed of an immenſe body of water.

As you enter the place from London, you paſs by a decent chapel, which was built by ſubſcription: here divine ſervice is performed every morning at eleven, and it is the only place in which I ever found going to church an eſtabliſhed faſhion: the clergyman is paid by public contribution for his attendance. Here is alſo a diſſenting meeting-houſe, under the direction of a very modeſt, learned man, whoſe ſmall income is very unequal to his virtues. The too common fate of merit.

The Moravians, Methodiſts, and Anabaptiſts, have alſo here their reſpective places of public worſhip. My taylor is a teacher of the Word, and holds forth among the ſect laſt mentioned.

Advancing a little farther, you find the wells incloſed by a ſtrong ſtone wall, breaſt-high; and there are women always ready to preſent you with a cup of water, who call themſelves Dippers, and expect ſome trifle when you firſt make your appearance here, and a ſmall preſent when you go away, provided you have been a conſtant drinker.

This little town conſiſts of one broad ſtreet, divided into three parts, one raiſed above the other:

other: the higheſt, which is on the right hand, is floored with red Dutch tiles, ſaid to have been given by queen Anne when princeſs of Denmark.

A portico, ſupported by wooden pillars, extends the whole length of the walks, and affords a convenient ſhelter both from the rain and the ſun; and here the company meet, and ſit or walk, from eight to ten, from twelve to two, and from ſix to eight, which are the hours of drinking. Under this portico are milleners, jewellers, and china ſhops, with one ſet of public rooms and the bookſeller's ſhop, where you never fail of finding good company, and choice of books calculated for light ſummer-reading.

The middle walk is for the uſe of the ſervants, and lower ſort of people, and divided, by white rails, as well from that I have been deſcribing, as from the lower ſtreet, where carriages draw up.

On the left-hand ſide of the way are the two taverns, another ſet of public rooms, and a number of lodging-houſes.

I am, &c.

LETTER XXVII.

To———————

Tunbridge-Wells, Aug. 25, 1762.

DEAR WILL,

YOU muſt take things as they riſe before me. I am neither writing hiſtory nor declamation. If you think I am careleſs and inaccurate in my account of this place, viſit it yourſelf; I know of no better way to correct my errors. Here is a beautiful row of large flouriſhing trees, that yield a delightful ſhade; and in a ſmall wooden gallery upon the walks, there are four or five fidlers ſcraping away, during the hours of water-drinking; but I cannot ſay they yield very delightful ſtrains.

However, you have good luck if you eſcape being plagued for a ſmall ſubſcription, which, if you love your own eaſe, you muſt give, in order to be rid of them: three or four ſhillings are enough. An acquaintance of mine gave them a ſhilling becauſe they aſked, and offered to make it up a crown if they never would play again: "This," ſaid he, "I do, becauſe I "love muſic, out of which harmony ought "to ariſe: yours produces nothing but diſ-"cord."

Were

Were the trees and the ſtones of our times endued with the ſame properties as thoſe of antiquity, when they ſpontaneouſly danced round Thebes to the ſound of a lyre, and formed a wall to the city—mercy upon us! what would become of Tunbridge Wells! Yet the beſt muſical performers of the age, often come down hither from London, and form elegant concerts, for which they are generally well paid.

Here are two ſets of rooms: they are open alternately; and there is a ball at each, once a week; in that on the walks, on a Tueſday; in the other, on a Friday. By ſubſcribing a crown to each room you are free for the year round, if you pleaſe to continue here: and you muſt do the ſame at the coffee houſe, and bookſeller's ſhop; for which you are ſupplied with paper to write your letters, while in the ſhop or coffee-houſe, and with variety of books to read.

Few places are pleaſanter for a couple of months than Tunbridge-Wells. You are here with the moſt elegant company in Europe, on the eaſieſt terms; and you need be at no loſs for a party of Whiſt or Quadrille with reſpectable perſonages, at any price, from a ſhilling to a guinea a corner.

Part of this place lies in the county of Kent, and part in the county of Suſſex: it ſtands alſo on ground belonging to three different pariſhes. I ſuppoſe Tunbridge is the neareſt market-town; and, therefore, from thence it borrows its name: they are diſtant from each other five good miles.

Here are very convenient houſes, round the Wells and the neighbouring hills, for lodging in. The moſt remarkable hills are Mount Ephraim, Mount Sion, and Mount Pleaſant. On the latter ſtands a very noble houſe, which is let out for the ſeaſon, by Mr. Gratton, the maſter of the Gloceſter tavern: it is the beſt lodging-houſe hereabouts, and was built by lord Egmont, who, growing tired of the ſituation, ſold it at conſiderable loſs. The aſſembly-rooms, lodgings, and indeed all conveniencies, were formerly not ſo good, nor any thing like ſo neat, as they are at preſent.

Charles the Second, who uſed to come ſometimes hither, kept his retinue ſix miles off, at a houſe called Somerhill, now belonging to Mr. Woodgate. The earl of Clanrickard owned it: among his other titles were then Viſcount Tunbridge, and Baron Somerhill: theſe have been long ſince loſt to the family. There are apartments now to be found, even upon the walks, fit for people of the firſt faſhion. Every body, who has ſeen the houſe of Mr. Baker the bookſeller, will allow of this.

I have neither curioſity nor proper apparatus to analyſe the waters: they taſte and look as if impregnated with particles both of iron and ſteel; are very cold, far from being diſagreeable to the palate, and are ſaid to loſe their medicinal virtues in carriage: much rain gives them the colour of a thin dirty white; but neither extreme heat, nor ſevere cold,

cold, can take away from their medicinal properties at the fountain-head.

I am,

Your, &c.

LETTER XXVIII.

To———————

Tunbridge-Wells, Sept. 1, 1762

I KNOW your turn for ſatyre ſo well, that I am ſure you would make a noiſe here. Lampoons are one of the principal amuſements of the place: I cannot, indeed, ſay much for the merit of the writers; but what they want in wit, they make up in groſs abuſe, and bad poetry. The poor ladies ſuffer under their hands moſt unmercifully.

Copies of theſe ſquibs are left in the book-ſeller's ſhop for peruſal, and no body pretends to know the author. Suſpicion points out a certain phyſician, as at the head of this flying ſquadron of bards: he is an old cynical, ill-tempered fellow, more than threeſcore: and much uglier than colonel Chartres, orator Henley, or the d—l.

It would be dirtying paper to ſend you any ſuch productions. I cannot avoid, however, copying out a ſhort piece of admonition, incloſed to him by a man of high faſhion, remarkable for his wit and underſtanding.

To

To the tune of "God ſave the King."

Dr.————,
'Tis my advice to you,
Burn your lampoons;
Or you will find it true,
When you're beat black and blue,
You will have cauſe to rue
Writing lampoons.

II.

Wit may correct abuſe;
You have no ſuch excuſe
For your lampoons:
Your verſe has no pretence
Either to wit or ſenſe;
Dullneſs and impudence
Are your lampoons.

III.

Ladies take fright at you;
Men hate the ſight of you
And your lampoons.
For on the human race
You reflect ſuch diſgrace,
That we read in your face,
Nature's lampoon.

The air of this place is very pure; and from the longevity of many of the natives, we may be certain it is very wholeſome.

The water about the wells, that one little beer-houſe excepted, is very bad for family uſe; and you muſt pay the owner of it a half-penny a bottle; ſo well convinced is he of its value.

You find good fiſh here in the ſeaſon, brought from the Sea-coaſt of Suſſex, which is very near. We have, for this fortnight paſt, been feaſted with a very delicious little bird, called the Wheat-ear, but more properly White-arſe, from their French name, Cul Blanc, alluding to the fatneſs of their rump. They are as fine a morſel as the French ortolan, or Italian becco-fico.

This bird is brought hither, by the ſhepherds of the Suſſex downs, in great plenty, about the end of harveſt: the ſeaſon for catching them is not more than three weeks. This is remarkable that the wheat-ear is found in other parts of England, but every where, Kent and Suſſex excepted, is as bad as carrion-crow. A diſh of them is this minute put upon the table; ſo muſt ſit down to the ſubſtantial, while I ſend you this airy nutriment, which I hope you will digeſt, from,

Your, &c.

LET-

LETTER XXIX.

To the Rev. Mr. —— ——.

Tunbridge-Wells, Sept. 2, 1762.

My Dear Sir,

I THINK I ſhall leave this place ſoon: I am pretty well recovered; and the company which poured in here, in ſhoals, about the middle of July, is decreaſing faſt. I have therefore, but few inducements to ſtay, and theſe few grow daily leſs.

I have ſent you a dreſſing-glaſs, and a ſet of boxes for your daughter's toilette, together with the prettieſt tea-cheſt I could lay my hands upon. I hope you will both receive them as marks of my very ſincere eſteem. Theſe, as well as many other uſeful things, and ſome of the moſt curious toys I ever ſaw, are ſaid to be the manufacture of the place: they are formed out of yew, cherry, holly, &c. of which this neighbourhood yields great plenty: their poliſh is high; the inlaying and veneering very beautiful. Were this manufacture privately ſmuggled abroad, and then imported as a foreign commodity, I am perſuaded the people would run mad after it: but, alas! every body knows that it is Engliſh; and the encouragement is therefore poor.

We have many rides about this place, very good; but the weather muſt be ſo too, or you cannot enjoy them.

There are parties often made for breakfaſting and evening tea, at a place called the High-Rocks, about two miles off. Here a cottager, who has a wife and a large family, ſupplies you with excellent cheer, at a very reaſonable rate; and you can imagine hardly any thing more delightful than a few ſelect friends, ſeated in the midſt of theſe rocks, with horns and clarinets; the muſic of which is enchantingly ecchoed and re-ecchoed on every hand. The cottager is a tenant of lord Abergavenny's, to whom he pays ten pounds a year: his progenitors have been ſettled on the ſame ſpot, in the ſame obſcurity, for more than two hundred years. None of them ever knew better days "They "never heard the clocks at midnight toll."

One would imagine, from the variety of grounds, and number of different kinds of rocks ſcattered round this part of the country, and more particularly about the ſpot of which I now ſpeak, that it had been formerly covered by the ſea: indeed, there are many other large tracks of land, not only in Great Britain, but I believe in every part of the world, that one would be apt to ſuppoſe had been formerly the bed of ſome vaſt ocean, which has been torn from its channel, and thrown into another courſe, by ſome of thoſe terrible concuſſions of nature, which Lima, Port-Royal, and Liſbon, have at different times ſuſtained: perhaps they are ſtrong proofs of the univerſal deluge.

There

There are fiſh-ponds about a mile from the walks, upon Mount Ephraim, where you may have tea or ſyllabub in an evening. This place is delightfully ſituated, and prettily laid out, but at preſent much neglected; though, to me, it is preferable to the High Rocks; for theſe want water, which is ſo great a beauty in any ſituation.

Were not the bed of a narrow ſhallow ſtream, that divides the county of Kent from that of Suſſex, very muddy; a ſmall tract of garden-ground behind the Suſſex tavern, which it waters, (the fiſh-ponds of which it alſo ſupplies) might be greatly improved.

I am,

Your's, &c.

LETTER XXX.

To the Rev. Mr. ————————.

Tunbridge-Wells, Sept. 8, 1766.

DEAR SIR,

IT would be doing injuſtice to the memory of a poet, whoſe ſimplicity and ſweetneſs you admire, to quit this part of Kent without telling you, that my favourite ride before dinner, and indeed one of the pleaſanteſt we have here, is to Penſhurſt, where Waller wrote many of his beſt pieces, under the auſpices of lady Dorothy Sidney, whom he has immortaliſed by the name of Sachariſſa.

This lady was daughter to an earl of Leiceſter, to whom this celebrated place belonged, and wife to Henry lord Spencer, created earl of Sunderland by king Charles the Firſt, in whoſe defence he was ſlain, gallantly fighting at Newbury. She was afterwards the wife of a Mr. Smythe, grand-father to ſir Sidney Stafford Smythe, one of the barons of the exchequer; who inhabits the houſe of his anceſtors, ſituated on a moſt delightful eminence, in the midſt of a park three miles diſtant from this place.

Penſ-

Penſhurſt was forfeited to the crown by the attainder of one of the Vane family, who followed the fortune of unhappy Somerſet in Edward the Sixth's time. That monarch beſtowed it upon the father of the great Sir Henry Sidney, in whoſe arms he expired. This fact is mentioned in an inſcription over the gate of the tower, through which you paſs into the court-yard, which is a very large ancient quadrangle of hewn ſtone, and was fortified in old times, being reckoned a place of no ſmall ſtrength. Here are many more rooms than are ſhewn to ſtrangers: thoſe that are open, are well furniſhed, and contain good pictures, tables, pillars, and vaſes of fine marble brought lately from Italy, well worth the inſpection of the curious. The houſe lies very low, and cloſe to a mean village, of great antiquity, of the ſame name. A powerful family, called Penſhurſt or Pencheſter, was ſettled here in the time of the Conqueror, which has been long extinct. The park, which was formerly very conſiderable, is at preſent but ſmall, being incloſed and divided into farms.

The gallant Sir Philip Sidney was born here; but the tree, mentioned by Waller to have been planted on his birth-day, is no where to be found.

The habitable part of Penſhurſt houſe is kept in exceeding good repair, and the dignity of the Leiceſter family nobly ſupported by Mrs. Perry, the laſt of the Sidneys who ſurvives, and which name her ſon has aſſumed. The genius

of

of old Engliſh hoſpitality, is, I am told, ſtill cheriſhed under her roof.

Not far from Penſhurſt is a noble ſtructure, mouldering into ruins, called Somerhill, which ſtands very high, and has a moſt extenſive command of country. It anciently belonged to the earls of Hertford and Glouceſter, whoſe primogenitor was Richard de Clare, a natural Son of Richard the Firſt, duke of Normandy: he was alſo the proprietor of the caſtle at Tunbridge town, and had other large poſſeſſions hereabouts.

Somerhill, being forfeited to the crown by Stafford duke of Buckingham, was given by queen Elizabeth to Sir Francis Walſingham, with whoſe daughter* it paſſed into the hands of three great families; for ſhe was married to three different huſbands: her firſt was the renowned Sir Philip Sidney; her ſecond, the unfortunate earl of Eſſex; and her third, Ulick de Burgh, marquis of Clanrickard, one of the moſt remarkable and accompliſhed noblemen of king Charles the Firſt's reign; he was earl of St. Alban's, viſcount Tunbridge, and baron Somerhill, Engliſh honours; and no man deſerved them better; for he did more ſervice to the crown, in Ireland, againſt Cromwell, than all the reſt of the Iriſh nobility put together.

As

* This lady's character is fully and elegantly diſplayed by lord Lyttelton, in his Dialogues of the Dead. Dial. XVI.

As Tunbridge town is ſo near, and the name has been ſo often mentioned, it would be uncivil not to bait here a little, and give the beſt account we can of it. This is a market-town, ſituated upon the Medway, which here branches out into many little ſtreams, over all which there are bridges: from thence it derives its name, which is compounded of TON, the Saxon word for Town, and BRIDGE. Thoſe who travel further to find the derivation of its name, are engaged upon a needleſs journey. It conſiſts of one broad ſtreet, badly paved, but adorned by ſome very good modern houſes; and once, in the reign of Edward the Firſt, ſent two repreſentatives to parliament.

The free-ſchool here is a good building, erected and endowed about two hundred years ago, by one Judd, who was a knight, and lord-mayor of London. He veſted the care if it in the ſkinners company. It is kept in excellent repair, and never was in a more flouriſhing ſtate than at this time, which it owes to the abilities of Mr. Towers, the preſent head maſter. There is nothing remarkable in the church: it is a neat modern building, and the living is worth three hundred pounds a year.

At the further end of the Town on the right hand, as you come from London, the noble ruins of an old caſtle ſtrike you with awe and veneration; is was built by Richard de Clare, on a piece of ground, which was given him by Langfranc, archbiſhop of Canterbury, in exchange for as much land in Normandy, the meaſurement being on both ſides made with thongs,

thongs, of raw hide: it ſtands upon an eminence cloſe upon the banks of the Medway, and muſt have been very ſtrong.

The caſtle of Tunbridge was a place of vaſt importance, during the time of feudal tenures, and is often mentioned in the Hiſtory of England. The town and caſtle were both forfeited to the crown by the attainder of Stafford, duke of Buckingham, who was beheaded in Henry the Eighth's time; and the latter has not been in the leaſt repaired ſince that æra. Queen Elizabeth gave them to lord Hunſdon; from whoſe heirs it paſſed into private hands.

I ſhould have obſerved to you, that this eſtate devolved on his grace the duke of Buckingham, with his wife, who was the laſt repreſentative, whether male or female, of the family of Richard de Clare. That you may long flouriſh at the head of yours, is the ſincere wiſh of,

DEAR SIR, &c.

LET-

LETTERS

WRITTEN FROM

THE CITY OF BATH.

LETTER XXXI.

To His Excellency, HENRY, Earl of SHANNON, one of the LORDS JUSTICES of IRELAND.

Bath, Dec. 14, 1762.

MY LORD,

PERMIT me to aſſure you once again, that I ſhall always retain the deepeſt ſenſe of the countenance and protection, with which your excellency honoured me when I was laſt in Ireland; but there is ſuch an increaſe of your goodneſs, in the offer which you have ſo lately been pleaſed to make me by captain ——, that words are wanting in language expreſſive of my feelings.

Be not angry with me, if I again decline it. I am not hypocrite enough to ſport with ſacred matters for a livelihood; and I think it would be little better, at leaſt I ſhould feel it ſo, if I accepted a living in the church, when my heart dictated my being unfit for it: unleſs I was certain I could by my example enforce the precepts of Chriſtianity, I would not enroll myſelf amongſt its paſtors.

A noble-

A nobleman, as celebrated for his fine wit, as his clearneſs of judgment and ſtrength of underſtanding, ſays, that "a black coat, like "charity, hides a multitude of ſins." It may be ſo; yes, though it may conceal them from the world, if a man has any conſcience, he will feel the weight of his own imperfections, when he remembers, which he muſt daily do, that his actions are not ſuitable to the purity of the doctrine which he has undertaken to teach.

Your excellency is very good in enquiring about my health. I can give but a poor account of it. I have been very ill of a rheumatiſm and an inflammatory diſorder; but both, thank God, are abated.

The city whence I have the honour to write to you, is undoubtedly one of the moſt elegant, pleaſant, and convenient ſpots in Europe; for you may, in a quarter of an hour, change the moſt romantic, ſolitary ſcene, into croud, buſtle, ſplendor, muſic, dancing, and various amuſements. In the Pump-room, where people meet from ſeven to ten in the morning, to drink the water, and ſettle the ſtate of the nation for that day, there is a good band of muſic, which plays from eight to ten. The Pump-room is too ſmall for the company, and the aſcending to it by a flight of ſteps, is inconvenient for invalids.

Here are two public buildings for the nobility and gentry to meet, dance, and play cards in; they are open alternately, and there is a ball at each once a week, at Mr. Simpſon's on a Tueſday,

day, and at Wiltſhire's on a Friday. The rooms take their names from their reſpective owners: they are kept open by a public ſubſcription; and the giving it, at either of the aſſembly-houſes, entitles you to the uſe and amuſements of both. Each conſiſts of three rooms, where you are ſure of meeting a great deal of company every morning and evening. There is no place in the world, where a perſon may introduce himſelf, on ſuch eaſy terms, to the firſt people in Europe, as in the rooms at Bath. If you are fond of cards you may make any party you pleaſe; or, if you chuſe to lounge, chat, dance, or ſit down, there is no eye of obſervation to reſtrict you.

I ſhould not have intruded, my lord, thus long upon you, but that it was your very particular command to me, that I ſhould write you ſome account of this celebrated place, to which I had then ſome thoughts of coming.

Forty Years ago, it was one third leſs than it is now; the ſeaſon was not longer than two months; the concourſe of people very ſmall to what we ſee at preſent, the buildings old, and the accommodations very indifferent. The change is wonderfully for the better. There is a very full ſeaſon for ſix months in the year at leaſt; I ſhould rather ſay, two ſeaſons; one in winter, which begins to be pretty full the laſt week in September, and does not leſſen till about a fortnight before Chriſtmas; the other in ſpring, which begins the latter end of February, and is quite at an end the beginning

of

of June, at which time I am told the place is as warm as the Weſt Indies.

During the ſeaſons, the croud is amazing. The new ſtreets are very noble: one of the wings of Queen-ſquare is the grandeſt I ever ſaw, and it would be much more ſo, were the garrets concealed by a handſome parapet wall. The Circus, ſo denominated from its circular figure, is beyond deſcription magnificent: the houſes are uniform, ornamented with Doric, Ionic, and Corinthian pillars, riſing one above the other. The Doric frieze is very elegant; but they have forgotten the Ionic, ſo that the ſpace looks naked.

The white ſtone, of which all the houſes in this city are built, contributes much to its grandeur and elegance. There are large quarries of it very near; and when it is firſt dug up, it may be cut with eaſe, being very ſoft; but it hardens with time. The baſon, in the middle of the Circus, is mean, and ought to be covered over. The aſcent from the ſquare to this ſuperb place, up Gay-ſtreet, is very noble and pleaſing.

I ſhall conclude this letter with aſſuring your excellency, that Europe does no where afford a more delightful retreat for the young and old, healthy and infirm, than this little city. The inns all round it, even from London, and ſo on to Exeter, are excellent: the roads are in fine order; the markets afford the beſt ſort of proviſions, particularly fiſh, at a very cheap rate. The lodgings and accommodations are

no

no where to be equalled, whether we conſider them in point of conveniency or cheapneſs. The waters which are hot are truly balſamic, and ſovereign in many chronical diſorders, complaints of the ſtomach, gouts, rheumatiſms, &c. &c. Here are plays, muſic, cards, balls and ſo many different amuſements, that you may truly call it the Region of Pleaſure.

I have the Honour to remain,

My Lord, &c.

LET-

LETTER XXXII.

To Mr. DERRICK, at BATH.

Dublin, May 2, 1763.

DEAR SIR,

YESTERDAY I received yours, to my great pleaſure and ſatisfaction. You have not a friend on earth, who more ſincerely rejoices at your ſucceſs. I only wiſh to know if you have any fixed ſalary annexed to your diadem. Are your revenues ſufficient to maintain a ſovereign prince in a ſtate of independence? Though I have no doubt of your reigning in the hearts of your people, yet I would rather you owed your ſupport to ſettled revenues than voluntary contribution. The intimacy I had the pleaſure of enjoying with you, before your merit raiſed you to your preſent ſtation, may, I hope, authoriſe my giving my humble advice.

The ears of princes are ſeldom ſhut to the prayers of their ſubjects, when addreſſed with proper reſpect and reverence. Let me then entreat you to beware of favourites, male or female: the latter may hurt your character, as well

well as your privy purſe. Conſider, that all princes are liable to revolutions: imitate, then, your good brother of Pruſſia, and fill your coffers in time of peace, as you know not how ſoon wars may break out: be prudent, and provide againſt them.

I would not adviſe you to throw away the pen entirely; and therefore now and then wiſh you to give the public ſomething, to ſhew you have genius as well as addreſs; but let it be an honour to your name and character.

Are you acquainted with the biſhop of Glouceſter? I take him to be a man of deep learning, great genius, and fine taſte; he is, beſides, an admirable reaſoner. Pray be more exact, in your next, about Mr. Allen; I wiſh to know his hiſtory: I honour him much for the few words you ſaid about him in your laſt.

Your old friend, Tom, ſet out laſt week for London, on his way to the coaſt of Guinea; Jack is not yet hanged, though you and I have agreed it muſt be the fate of ſuch a raſcal: and poor Tony is juſt the ſame wealthy ideot you ſaw him. There is a Mr. Wilkes has lately engaged every body's attention here. Pray, is it the ſame I have heard you mention as a man of wit and ſpirit? If he acts from principle, I pity him; for I fear he may be left in the lurch; and I ſhould be ſorry to ſee an honeſt man made a ſcape-goat; but that, I think, is impoſſible, ſince we are told here the M— of R—, and ſome other of the moſt reſpectable nobility, are his protectors.

Do

Do not ſuppoſe from this hint, that I am become a politician; toute au contraire, I aſſure you.—I am implicitly reſigned to the will of every miniſter; it is an article in my creed, that every king chuſes the wiſeſt and beſt of men for his miniſter; that their ſole aſſertion conſtitutes truth and falſehood. In conſequence of this prepoſſeſſion, if a miniſter aſſerted that the Pope was a Methodiſt, a man a four-footed beaſt, and a cow had wings and feathers, I would ſubſcribe to the belief. I reckon myſelf unhappy not to have lived when arbitrary power flouriſhed: my paſſive obedience and non-reſiſtance would then have ſhone with luſtre. Happy is the man, who has an opportunity of demonſtrating his loyalty, by chearfully ſubmitting to the iron hand of Oppreſſion, and the holy ſcourge of Tyranny.

I am,

My Dear Sir,

Your ſincere friend,

And moſt obedient ſervant.

LET-

LETTER XXXIII.

To ——— ———.

Bath, May 10, 1763.

I HAVE had an opportunity of viſiting Mr. Allen in the train of the French ambaſſador. He is a very grave, well-looking old man, plain in his dreſs, reſembling that of a Quaker, and courteous in his behaviour. I ſuppoſe he cannot be much under ſeventy. His wife is low, with grey hair, of a very pleaſing addreſs, and a countenance that prejudices you much in her favour. The character of this couple is very amiable: they are the parents of the induſtrious poor, the protectors of the really diſtreſſed, and the nouriſhers of depreſſed genius. Pope had obligations to Mr. Allen; he viſited him in this country; his regard will live for ever in his Epiſtle on the Uſe of Riches, inſcribed to this gentleman.

You cannot forget, that Tom Jones was dedicated to him by Fielding, to whom he was a great friend; and, before he perſonally knew him, ſent him a preſent of two hundred pounds,

in conſideration of his merit: nor had he any other ſollicitations to this act of kindneſs, than his own heart. It is no reproach to Mr. Allen, that he is not a man of family: his virtues would do honour to any; and he is therefore the more highly to be reſpected.

He ſeems to have conſidered, that no man is born for himſelf; that virtue conſiſts in action, and is rewarded with honour—he deſerves the reward—he gave all the ſtone, of every kind, uſed in building the hoſpital of Bath, gratis, ready cut and formed for immediate uſe.

This gentleman's houſe, which is a very noble ſtructure, ſtands on the brow of a pretty high hill, with a north view of this city, which it deliciouſly commands. It conſiſts of a good dwelling, and a wing of offices united to it on each ſide by a moſt elegant corridore: it has a ſpacious hall, and a handſome ſtaircaſe.

I am no great admirer of a gallery up one pair of ſtairs, which runs almoſt the whole length of the houſe, and is, in my opinion, too narrow: its terminations are an apartment, in which Mr. Allen ſits to diſpatch buſineſs; and a good gallery or pew, looking into one of the neateſt chapels I ever ſaw, where the family conſtantly attend divine ſervice.

There

There is no kind of conveniency that a man can wiſh for, but is here to be found. Before the houſe is a handſome lawn, with a ſtatue of General Wade upon a pedeſtal, in a Roman habit, graſping a truncheon. The ground about is charmingly diſpoſed and improved; the gardens well watered, and laid out in taſte; and Mr. Allen has planted a vaſt number of firs in the neighbourhood, which thrive well. The ride, bordering round the grounds, which he has incloſed, is fourteen or fifteen miles in extent; in which your views of the city, river, and adjacent country, are every minute ſo varied, that to me it wears the appearances of fairy ground: nothing can be more enchanting.

It is a great favour to be admitted to traverſe theſe delicious boundaries. I have known it refuſed to people of high quality; and had I not had, from my ſituation, the honour of being guide to his excellency the duke de Nivernois, I believe it would never have been my lot.

Mr. Allen is ſuppoſed to have made a large fortune by the many quarries of white ſtone in his poſſeſſion, from which, as being neareſt to this city, moſt of the new buildings have been ſupplied: but in reality, ſay thoſe who pretend to know better, he owes this fortune to the croſs poſts, of which he was the inventor, and which

he farms from the poſt-office, the management of all the croſs poſts in this kingdom being under his direction.

I am, &c.

LET.

LETTER XXXIV.

To Mr. —— ——.

Bath, May 15, 1766.

DEAR SIR,

HAD not the poſt cut me off ſhort in my laſt, I would have given you ſome farther account of this city; and I now intend to purſue it.

The Bath hoſpital, which I mentioned before, is a good building, not of more than five and twenty years ſtanding, ſupported by voluntary contribution, and calculated for the reception of above a hundred patients, all of whom muſt labour under ſome infirmity that requires the uſe of the Bath water, otherwiſe they cannot be admitted.

Here are two or three other ſmall charitable foundations of little note, properly endowed, one of which is appropriated to the uſe of lepers, another to that of idiots, and another ſerves as an aſylum for decayed inhabitants. But there being no infirmary, conſequently no immediate relief for patients labouring under other diſeaſes, without

having the means of ſupporting themſelves, or procuring aſſiſtance, a body of gentlemen, including thoſe of the faculty, ſome years ſince, voluntarily united, and opened a ſubſcription for their relief, which has been of vaſt benefit to the poor. Their plan is entitled the Pauper Scheme.*

Here

* This ſcheme, which, at firſt, only gave relief to the poor in caſes of ſickneſs, was, in 1764, extended to thoſe who required chirurgical aſſiſtance; and, to the great honour of the ſurgeons, as well as the reſt of the gentlemen of the faculty in this city, be it ſpoken, they have not only given gratis their cloſe and unwearied attention to the care of the objects under their inſpection, but voluntarily ſubſcribed their monies reſpectively to ſupport it.

The more this ſcheme is conſidered, the more will appear its benefit to the induſtrious poor; and let me not be thought vain, if I ſay the more happy am I to be in a ſituation that gives me influence to recommend its utility.

This winter it occurred to me, that a concert-breakfaſt might be a proper method of improving the fund of this charity when low, without giving the public reaſon to complain of being burthened a-new. I communicated the deſign to T. Frere, Eſq. the Rev. Dr. Davenport, and to ſome other of the gentlemen who reſide here, of whoſe conſideration and benevolence I had no reaſon to doubt; and they not only approved of the ſcheme, but put it into execution with ſuch zeal and goodneſs of heart, that the fund was thereby increaſed beyond our warmeſt hopes, and much to their honour. The band of muſic gave their attendance at my deſire,

Here are three churches, and three chapels, for celebrating divine ſervice according to the eſtabliſhment of the church of England; and different places of worſhip for Preſbyterians, Quakers, and other Sectaries.

The abby-church is a very noble Gothic pile, ſaid to be above a thouſand years old: there are ſeveral neat monuments in it, moſt of them modern; and a good ring of bells, (there is one alſo in each of the other churches) which are too often made uſe of, if the number of invalids that want eaſe and reſt be conſidered, and who are diſturbed ſometimes two or three times a day, by their being rung out, to ſignify the arrival of ſome new comer, who has a guinea to throw away; for the ringers expect a fee for

deſire, and Miſs Hooper aſſiſted alſo gratis as a vocal performer.

Thus has been introduced a precedent for eaſily aſſiſting a charity, the good conſequence of which will plainly appear, in its having relieved, between Auguſt 1764, and January 1767, FOUR THOUSAND THREE HUNDRED AND SEVENTY-NINE PATIENTS, many of whom laboured under the moſt dangerous fractures and contuſions, for a cure of which they muſt have been removed to Briſtol, and one third of them perhaps have periſhed miſerably on the road; whereas they are by theſe means preſerved alive, and are valuable members of the community

The amazing and numerous cures done in the Bath hoſpital, cures of the greateſt conſequence to mankind, and the very uſeful ones performed under patronage of this ſcheme, call for the warmeſt ſupport of the wealthy, humane, and benevolent.

this unſought kindneſs. There is an exceeding fine organ in this church; and Chilcot, the organiſt, is reckoned by judges of muſic, (a title to which I have no pretenſion) to be not only an able performer, but an excellent compoſer. I need not tell you, that Bath and Wells, which are twenty miles aſunder, are united in one biſhoprick.

The mayor's muſic will alſo get to your lodgings, in ſpite of your teeth, and ſtrike up a tune cloſe to your chamber door, to your annoyance and aſtoniſhment, let your ſtate of health be ever ſo bad; and this can only be ſtopped by a piece of money. Cuſtom has eſtabliſhed them in theſe diſagreeable privileges, which, it is to be hoped, conſideration will aboliſh.

The earl of Cheſterfield always gives two guineas to the Bath hoſpital, inſtead of the muſic; and it is ſo entered in the ſubſcription-book; being over and above what other donation he chuſes to beſtow upon this charitable foundation.

If the abbey-church, and particularly the weſtern front and window, which is very ſpacious, be admired for lightneſs and grandeur, St. Michael's which has been lately rebuilt, muſt no leſs excite aſtoniſhment, for its clumſineſs and diſproportion: the architect's want of taſte and judgment is too conſpicuous to eſcape the moſt indifferent eye.

The

The ſtreets of the city are ſo narrow, that two carriages can ſcarcely paſs one another; and the main ſtreet. as you enter it from London, is blocked up by the town-hall, which was built by Inigo Jones above a hundred years ago. The corporation talk of taking it down, which if they continue to neglect, it will come down of itſelf in a few years, for it leans already conſiderably. There are many ſchemes ſpoken of for improving the city, and widening the avenues and public places of thorough-fare within the walls.*

In the main room of the town hall are portraits of the prince and princeſs of Wales, and

*The corporation, ſince this letter was written, have zealouſly applied to the conſideration of proper plans for widening and improving the ſtreets within the walls. Laſt ſeſſions they procured an act to be paſſed, empowering them to remove and rebuild the town-hall and the markets, to widen Cheap-ſtreet and part of Stall-ſtreet, to rebuild the Pump room, and to run a ſtreet from the Weſt-gate, which is to be pulled down, into the ſquare, in a direction to Gay-ſtreet, which will make this, when completed, the grandeſt ſtreet in Europe, the north aſpect of the Circus terminating it at one end, and a magnificent theatre at the other.

They talk of continuing Milſom-ſtreet to the new Pump-room, which will alſo be very noble; but it is to be feared, that they muſt pull down one wing of the hoſpital, before they can complete this plan. They are alſo about rebuilding St. James's church upon a very elegant ſcheme; towards which Walter Long, of Wrexall, Eſq. has nobly ſubſcribed FIVE HUNDRED POUNDS, and Mr. Simpſon, at the Aſſembly-room, FIFTY.

Mr. Naſh; together with that of General Wade, who repreſented Bath in parliament; and of all his conſtituents, on account of their having been unanimous in their election. Would not the money they coſt have been better laid out in charity?

Perhaps now you may ſay, that I have but little charity in intruding with ſo long a letter: blame yourſelf; you deſire me to be very particular in writing to you about Bath; and, when I have done all I can, be aſſured you will find it a more beautiful and more amuſing place, than imagination can frame.

I am,

DEAR SIR, &c.

LET-

LETTER XXXV.

To Mr. ——— ———.

Bath, May 18, 1763.

I WRITE, my dear ſir, juſt as things occur, neither compiling a hiſtory, nor even giving a very exact account; ſo that, perhaps, what I mention laſt, ſhould have come firſt. You muſt excuſe, and take it as you find it—— you are heartily welcome.

On entering the Pump-room, about eight in the morning, the vapour that ariſes from the King's bath will ſurpriſe you; for it is very thick, and the water boils up, as if it were a large cauldron.

The bathing times are from ſix to nine in the morning, during which you will ſee many objects, whoſe infirmities muſt compel a tear from the eye of Compaſſion, and humble the proudeſt heart. Alas! how weak, how inſignificant the human frame, when the out-ſtretched hand of Omnipotence bows it beneath infirmity and diſeaſe! How fading is beauty! how futile ſtrength! how withered the vigour of youth, when touched by the breath of divine wrath!

The King's bath is fed by ſeveral different ſprings, one of which riſes about the centre, and is ſaid to be much hotter than the reſt, therefore called the Kitchen.

Here are ſeats of ſtone round this bath, and ſeveral of wood in the centre, ſet about a kind of pillar, which is adorned with ribbons and crutches of people who have received benefit from the waters.

The Queen's bath, adjoining, is ſupplied from hence, therefore not ſo warm. I ſhould tell you, there is a wretched ſtatue of king Bladud, in a niche in the wall of this bath, ſetting forth that he was the firſt diſcoverer of the efficacy of the waters, eight hundred and ſixty three years before Chriſt. There is a hotter bath near the ſouth-weſt walls of the city, which, from the temper of the water, is called the Hot bath. From hence a private bath for lepers is ſupplied, which is taken great care of, and the water conſtantly carried off by drains into the river.

The Croſs bath, which gives name to this quarter of the town, is very near the Hot bath, and was the bathing-place of king James's queen, in 1687; in commemoration of which honour, the earl of Milfort, then ſecretary of ſtate, erected in the middle of it a monument crowned with a croſs, and enriched with divers pieces of marble, inſcriptions, and emblematic ſculptures,

ſculptures, which I never had the curioſity to examine.

We have two theatres here; the beſt and moſt capacious, as well as convenient, of which, is under Mr. Simpſon's rooms; and he is in contract with the maſters of the other, to keep it ſhut upon certain terms.

That Bath was a Roman ſtation, no body ſkilled in antiquity makes a doubt; and in digging, ſome time ago, among the ruins of an old building, called the Abbey-houſe, on an eſtate of the duke of Kingſton's, were found many pieces of antiquity, particularly the remains of ſome ancient baths and ſudatories, on which foundation his grace is now building others upon a moſt convenient and elegant plan. They will be of vaſt utility here; for the other baths, being uncovered, and expoſed to all weathers and every eye, are therefore diſagreeable to many people.

Among the amuſements of this place, one might expect races at the end of the ſpring ſeaſon. It ſeems they were once encouraged here, but, for ſome reaſon of Mr. Allen's, laid aſide. Claverton affords a noble ſpace of ground for ſuch diverſions, as well as excellent ſtables, which were, I ſuppoſe, erected for that very purpoſe. I will not enter into an examination of the arguments that may be made uſe of againſt them: I know they are many: but the advantages (at the latter

end

end of May, when the place is thin, as here are no manufactures, no trade) would outweigh the diſadvantages. I have run to the end of my paper, and have only room to aſſure you, that I am,

Yours, &c.

LET-

LETTER XXXVI.

To Captain SHARP,

Of the Third Regiment of Guards, at Beſançon, in Franche-Comte, France.

Bath, June 11, 1765.

I HEAR, my dear ſir, with unaffected regret, that your father and his very amiable family have changed their intention of ſettling here for ſome time, and, for the preſent, turn their eyes upon Italy. I fancy he has more deſign in this voyage than the world perceives.

All Europe owns us ſovereign in arms and commerce; the French claim the firſt place for poliſhed breeding: the Italians, for muſic; and it is my opinion, that your father's ſcheme is, to compel them to give up the cauſe, and tranſfer the laurels to Britiſh brows. It is enough for them to ſee and hear the poliſhed darlings of his parent-heart, who bear him company; and they muſt acknowledge we rival, if not excel, them in the fine arts.

Thoſe

Thoſe who have the happineſs of being acquainted with your ſiſters, will ſubſcribe to this truth; which is no more a compliment to them, than it were to the ſun to ſpeak of it as the fountain of light. I have the more reaſon to regret this voyage, though I honour Mr. Sharp's patriot intention, becauſe I fear it will deprive me of a pleaſure I hoped for ardently; that of paying my regards to you, the enſuing winter ſeaſon, in theſe our dominions of amuſement.

Should you be of your father's party, you will have an opportunity, probably before your return, of being preſent at the moſt ſuperb muſical exhibition any where to be ſeen; I mean the opera at Venice during the carnival. It may be matter of entertainment to you then, to conſider the preſent ſtate of this coveted amuſement, in a light comparative to what it was in the latter end of the fifteenth century, when the muſical drama began again to revive in Italy, after having been long buried under the rudeneſs and devaſtations of Gothic barbariſm.

The firſt thing of the kind, of which we have any knowledge, was compoſed at Rome for the entertainment of Pope Sixtus the Fourth. The ſubject was, the Converſion of St. Paul, being a ſacred one on his holineſs's account, before whom it was exhibited with vaſt magnificence, A. D. 1480, in a moveable theatre, erected within the caſtle of St. Angelo. The whole

whole was the invention of cardinal Peter Riario, who was the pope's nephew, and died, at the age of twenty-three, of intemperance. This man was liberal, but extravagant; his heart was good, but his head weak.

The Venetians improved on the hint, and in 1485, during their carnival, brought out a kind of muſical drama, called "La Verita Ra-"minga, Diſinganno l'Inganno d'Amore;" with the ſcheme or plot of which, I have the pleaſure to preſent you; and it is the more curious, as being the great parent and primogenitor of the ſuperb operas, and magnificent muſical pieces, with which the public have been, ſince that time, in different nations, entertained.

The overture was accompanied by a grand dance, meant to expreſs the argument of the performance.

The firſt characters that appeared were a phyſician and an apothecary, rejoicing in the wealth they had accumulated by impoſing on mankind, and that their miſchiefs, which were covered in the grave, could not be conjured up to bear witneſs againſt them. A woman comes on to them in a wretched plight, to implore ſome relief and protection; but finding her to be Truth, (la Verita) who had been turned out of doors and ill-uſed by ſtateſmen, courtiers, lawyers, ſcriveners, attorneys, &c. they run away from her as from a peſt.

A vapouring ſoldier, who would willingly paſs for a man of importance, ſeeing a damſel in diſtreſs, as he croſſes the ſtage, ſtops to make a tender of his ſervice, but quits her in haſte, when he diſcovers who ſhe is.

She addreſſes herſelf to an aſtronomer, who is ſurrounded by a crowd of mathematicians and philoſophers, but meets with the ſame treatment from theſe. And the firſt part (for it was divided into two) concluded with a dance of peaſants, who afford her a ſafe and chearful retreat in a neighbouring hamlet.

The ſecond part opened with a merchant applauding himſelf, in ſoliloquy, for his cleverneſs in having raiſed a large fortune by becoming two or three times a bankrupt, and managing his affairs ſo well as to compound with his creditors for little or nothing, and to perſuade them that he was a perſon of real integrity: he is joined by an exciſeman, who wants to make money by the ſale of his conſcience, which is become a very troubleſome burthen to him, and an impediment to his riſing in life.

To theſe Truth enters, ſinging a melancholy air; and they fly at the ſound of her voice. In the ſcene that follows, ſhe is ſhunned by a company of ladies, who had before been expatiating on their reſpective honour, virtues, and truth.

The Dramatic Muſe is then introduced; who offers to Truth all her friendſhip and protection,

pro-

Provided ſhe will put on a pleaſing diſguiſe, and ſecond her exhibitions, which are made, chiefly, to ſupport the influence of Truth, (now reduced almoſt to nothing) and to correct the follies and immoralities of mankind. Truth conſenting, aſſumes a milder voice and a more pleaſing habit; telling us in a fine air, that by aſſiſting in theatrical amuſement, ſhe means to convey inſtruction, and teach the principles of goodneſs; and that, however diſguiſed ſhe may appear, ſhe is always the ſame in reality, immortal and unchanged:

" And her votaries ſhall climb
" Higher than the ſtarry chime.

The whole concludes with a dance of the Muſe's followers, who are the actors; in which Truth and the Muſe are the principal characters: the dance adapted to a movement expreſſive of joy and ſatisfaction, on account of this valuable alliance.

La Verita Raminga was received with ſuch applauſe, that it encouraged an alliance between poetry, painting, mechaniſm, and muſic, which ſoon deviſed other entertainments of the ſame ſpecies; ſo that they ſhortly ſpread all over Europe, as well as through Italy, where they flouriſhed every day more and more, and received continual improvement.

They were now conſtantly uſed at anniverſaries of marriages, and births; at carouſals, and court rejoicings; but they were never brought to perfection,

perfection, until handled by Metaſtaſio, the Shakeſpeare of Italy, with this material difference between theſe two great poets, that the one never violates the unities of time and action, and very ſeldom that of place; the former paid but little reſpect to any of the three.

The Italians had very few operas remarkable for poetical beauty, the Paſtor Fido, and ſome others of the paſtoral kind, excepted, until Metaſtaſio aroſe with a genius as ſublime as it is correct. Every one of his pieces, even his very worſt, is a chef-d'œuvre, compared with thoſe which his predeceſſors, in the Italian drama, have left behind him.

He is happy in the choice and conduct of his ſubjects. His ſcenes are ſo juſtly laid, that you cannot tranſpoſe or omit any one, without manifeſtly injuring the whole piece. His poetry is ſublime, and ſhews, that he is maſter of all that is beautiful or valuable in nature; from whoſe mighty ſtores he culls the choiceſt ornaments, and arranges them with the hand of a maſter. His characters are ſtrongly marked, and high coloured; his imagery and ſentiments, amazingly fine; his incidents are abundant and alarming; and his cataſtrophe unexpected, but always juſt. Upon the whole,

——"As naturally they fall"
As when Bellario confeſſes all.

But hold, I am carrying matters too far, and deſcanting on a ſubject, which you may perhaps underſtand better than I do? at leaſt, I am ſure you

you have a father, who is more perfect in any ſubject of taſte. I am therefore to beg you will excuſe the tediouſneſs of this epiſtle, and impute it to the wiſh I have, my dear ſir, of always convincing you, that I am, with unfeigned regard,

Your, &c.

P. S. Remember, I only talk of muſical entertainments for the theatre, revived in Italy, and not of its original birth, nor antient ſtate in that country; this perhaps, with ſome view of their church muſic, may be the ſubject of future epiſtles.

LETTERS

DESCRIBING

THE LAKE OF KILLARNEY,

AND

MUCRUSS GARDENS.

Written by the a te

WILLIAM OCKENDEN, Eſq;

Member for GREAT MARLOW.

LETTER XXXVII.

To the Right Honourable Lady J—N C—R.

Kilkenny, June 14, 1760.

MADAM,

YOUR ladyſhip muſt have heard the Lake of Killarney often mentioned, among your Iriſh acquaintance, as thoſe gentlemen very generally eſteem it one of the capital ornaments of their country. It is not long ſince, I was engaged with a ſmall party from Limerick, on purpoſe to ſee it; and I do aſſure you, that the beauties we beheld there, appeared ſo very ſtriking, and the voyage we made upon it, looked ſo very like enchantment, that I cannot help flattering myſelf you muſt be ſurpriſed and pleaſed with an account of it.

We arrived at the town, which gives name to the Lake, towards evening; and our principal entertainment after ſupper, was in hearing little pieces of hiſtory told over, very neceſſary to be known, by adventurers going to embark, upon this romantic piece of water.

There lived in the largeſt iſland (for there are ſeveral iſlands on the Lake) many hundred years

ago, a petty prince, named O'Donoghoe, who was lord of the whole Lake, the ſurrounding ſhore, and a large diſtrict of neighbouring country.

He manifeſted, during his ſtay upon earth, great munificence, great humanity, and great wiſdom: for, by his profound knowledge in all the ſecret powers of nature, he wrought wonders, as miraculous as any tradition has recorded, of ſaints by the aid of angels; or of ſorcerers by the aſſiſtance of dæmons; and among many other moſt aſtoniſhing performances, he rendered his perſon immortal. After having continued a long time upon the ſurface of the globe, without growing old, he one day, at Roſs caſtle (the place where he moſt uſually reſided) took leave of his friends, and riſing from the floor, like ſome aerial exiſtence, paſſed through the window, ſhot away horizontally, to a conſiderable diſtance from the caſtle, and then deſcended. The water, unfolding at his approach, gave him entrance down to the ſub-aqueous regions, and then, to the inexpreſſible aſtoniſhment of all beholders, cloſed over his head, as they believed, for ever: but in this they were miſtaken.

He returned again, ſome years after, reviſiting——not, like Hamlet's ghoſt, "the glimpſes of the moon making night hideous," but the radiance of the ſun, making day joyful, to thoſe at leaſt who ſaw him: ſince which time, he has continued to make very frequent expeditions to theſe upper regions, ſometimes three or four in a year; but ſometimes three or four years

years paſs without his once appearing, which the bordering inhabitants, have always looked on as a mark of very bad times.

It was feared, this would be the third year he would ſuffer to elapſe, without his once chearing their eyes with his preſence: but the latter end of laſt Auguſt he again appeared, to the inexpreſſible joy of all, and was ſeen by numbers in the middle of the day. I had the curioſity, before I left Killarney, to viſit one of the witneſſes to this very marvellous fact.

The account ſhe gives is, that, returning with a kinſwoman to her houſe at the head of the Lake, they both beheld a fine gentleman, mounted upon a black horſe, aſcend through the water with a numerous retinue on foot; who all moved together along the ſurface towards a ſmall iſland, near which they again deſcended under water. This account is confirmed, in time, place, and circumſtances, by many more ſpectators from the ſide of the Lake, who are all ready to ſwear, and, not improbably, to ſuffer death in ſupport of their teſtimony.

His approach is, ſometimes, preceded by muſic inconceiveably harmonious; ſometimes by thunder inexpreſſibly loud; but oftenеſt without any kind of warning whatſoever. He always riſes through the ſurface of the Lake, and generally amuſes himſelf upon it, but not conſtantly: for there is a farmer now alive, who declares, as I am told, that riding one evening near the lower end of the Lake, he was over-

taken by a gentleman, who ſeemed under thirty years of age, very handſome in his perſon, very ſumptuous in his apparel, and very affable in his converſation. After having travelled for ſome time together, the nobleman (for ſuch he judged him to be by his appearance) obſerved, that, as night was approaching, the town far off, and lodging not eaſy to be found, he ſhould be welcome to take a bed that night at his houſe, which, he ſaid, was not very diſtant.

The invitation was readily accepted; they approached the Lake together, and both their horſes moved upon the ſurface without ſinking, to the infinite amazement of the farmer, who thence perceived the ſtranger to be no leſs than the great O'Donoghoe. They rode a conſiderable diſtance from ſhore, and then, deſcending into a delightful country under water, lay that night in a houſe much larger in ſize, and much more richly furniſhed, than even lord Kenmare's at Killarney.

Thus far, in the hiſtory of O'Donoghoe, it was neceſſary to proceed, previous to the hiſtory of our voyage upon the Lake, for reaſons that will ſoon be very obvious.

The preſent proprietor of O'Donoghoe's dominions is lord Kenmare, a gentleman, by univerſal good character, of as much ſpirit, taſte, and politeneſs, as any man in the three kingdoms. I had not the honour of his acquaintance, but ventured to ſend him a card, expreſſing our great deſire to ſee the Lake; and his lordſhip in return moſt obligingly furniſhed us with

with a ſix oard boat ready manned, and all the apparatus neceſſary for our voyage. We put a cold dinner on board, together with a proper quantity of liquor, and embarked by eight o'clock in the morning: the weather was fair; the wind was ſtill; the Lake was ſmooth, and the boat, impelled by the oars, "cut ſwiftly "through the clear expanſe," till we reached Innisfallan, an iſland of large extent, containing twenty Engliſh acres, and lying half a league from ſhore.

It appeared very beautiful to us from the boat, bordered round with rock, and covered high with trees.

We landed near the remains of an old fabrick, built for the buſineſs of religion, a thouſand years ago, but now turned into a room, for the purpoſes of pleaſure.

It ſtands upon a rock, looks down upon the water, is in part ſhagged with ivy, and the whole buried in a wood. From hence, purſuing our way along a ſhady walk, which the noble proprietor has lately carried round the whole circumference, we paſſed by great variety of ground, ſmall hills, gentle deſcents, little brays, and riſing promontories, all formed by the natural irregularity of the iſland. Some of the interior parts have been ploughed up, where the richneſs of the ſoils, and the luxuriancy of the vegetation, are indeed ſurpriſing: but all the reſt ſtill retains the pleaſing wildneſs of a foreſt.

There are various eminences, in different parts of this moſt truly fortunate iſle, commanding ſeveral beautiful views, over different parts of the Lake. To the north-weſt, there is one, ſurveying an expanſe of water, four miles in length, and three in breadth, bounded on the right hand by the cultivated hills of Aghadoe, and on the left by ſhaggy mountains: there is another to the ſouth-weſt, which, extending two miles acroſs the lake, terminates in the bowery ſhoulder of Mount Glena: but the fineſt lies ſouth-eaſt, where the eye is loſt in a labyrinth of water, winding round a multitude of iſlands, riſing one beyond another; ſome rocky and bare, and ſome tufted with trees, which, thick on every ſide, hang waving over the Lake.

On re-embarking, I expreſſed great deſire, to purſue our voyage through that liquid maze, which looked ſo ſingularly pleaſant: but our admiral aſſured me, that it was a maze in appearance only; for on going among the iſlands, which ſeemed to form it, they would be found much farther apart than what they ſhewed to our low diſtant view, glancing along the ſurface of the water.

From Innisfallan we therefore ſteered another courſe, and after two miles of very pleaſing navigation, with the open part of the Lake on our right hand, and the iſlands cluſtering on our left, we approached thoſe Alpine hills which hang upon the ſouthern edge of the water; and were quite tranſported with a marvellous ſcene of pure nature, which there aroſe before us, more exquiſite than any I had ever ſeen, either

in

in France, Italy, or England: it is formed by the ſide of Mount Glena, which bends a little hollowing, very rocky, extreamly ſteep, and is covered quite up with great variety of trees, as oak, beach, and mountain-aſh, moſt beautifully blended with holly, yew, and arbutus, rooted in the rock a thouſand feet above the ſurface of the water. We reſted upon our oars within the bowery boſom of this ſublime theatre, (for ſo I call it, though the curve is ſmall) and remained there ſome time enraptured with the beauties we beheld.

Departing with reluctance, we coaſted along a broken ſhore, to the mouth of a conſiderable river, which comes from another large piece of water among the mountains above, and after many turnings and windings in the courſe of five miles running, unites the two lakes by a navigable communication. We rowed up this ſerpentine ſtream, in ſome places very gentle, in others extremely rapid, and purſuing our way through very uncommon ſcenes of wildneſs, ſuch as rocks clad with the ſtrawberry, or arbutus tree, ſhooting up through the crevices of the marble, we approached another tall mountain, called the Eagle's Neſt. It begins to riſe from the edge of the water in a ſteep ſlope, covered with foreſt-trees mixed with ever-greens, above which it riſes perpendicular in rocks, quite naked, except ſome tufts of ivy, fringing the edge of the cliff: from thence the mountain again grows ſloping, and covered with graſs, terminates in an obtuſe pike more than two thouſand feet above the river.

Here we again reſted upon our oars, to mark the flight of numerous eagles, (the chief inhabitants of theſe lofty regions) which was ſlow, ſolemn, and very high; to view the marble chaſm in the perpendicular ſide of the mountain, in which they had formed their neſts; and to admire the many noble objects, which preſented themſelves on every hand, in this ſtupendous ſcene; when ſuddenly, to our inexpreſſible amazement, we were ſurprized with muſic, ſweeter than any I had ever heard before, which ſeemed to riſe from the rock, at which we gazed; and breaking upon us in ſhort melodious ſtrains, filled the very ſoul with tranſport.

Angels from the ſky, or fairies from the mountain, or O'Donoghoe from the river, was what we every moment expected to appear before us: but after a quarter of an hour's fixed attention, all our raptures were diſperſed by a clap of thunder moſt aſtoniſhingly loud, which, burſting from the ſame direction whence the muſic had lately ſeemed to flow, rent the mountain with its roar, and filled us with the apprehenſion of being inſtantly buried in a chaos of hill, wood, and water: but the horror was as ſuddenly diſſipated by the return of the ſame ſoothing ſtrains, which had before entranced us.

Thus ends the firſt part of our voyage upon this celebrated lake. I am obliged to break off in the middle of my narration, by the coming in of a great deal of company, who all

all inſiſt on my not writing a word more. You ſhall ſoon have the ſequel. In the mean time I beg you will believe me to remain, as I do in great truth,

DEAR MADAM,

Your moſt faithful and

Obedient humble Servant,

WILLIAM OCKENDEN.

LETTER XXXVIII.

To Lady J——N C——R.

Kilkenny, June 20, 1760.

MADAM,

PURSUANT to the promiſe I made your ladyſhip in my laſt, I am now ſet down to write the ſequel of our voyage on the Lake; and ſhall at once re-aſſume the narration, where it broke off in my former epiſtle.

The ſecond muſic, which immediately ſucceeded the thunder, ſeemed more ſoft and lulling than the firſt. But our elyſium was very ſhort, being ſoon loſt in another clap, ſtill louder than that which had preceded, and which again burſt ſuddenly upon us; again awaking us to terror; when, lo! a third return of muſic, ſuperlatively ſweet indeed, reſtored our ſenſes, and re-intranced our hearts. It laſted ſome time—and a moſt ſolemn ſilence enſued.

We waited now, motionleſs and awe-ſtruck, for what wonders might follow next in this region of enchantment! We gazed at the wood, the rock, the mountain, and the river, with alternate hope and fear; hope, while the muſic dwelt

dwelt upon our thoughts; and fear, while we remembered the thunder: however, the muſic being laſt, our hopes were ſtrongeſt; and we expected, with a pleaſing impatience, ſome very marvellous event.——In vain——no angel appeared to delight our eyes! no dæmon to alarm us with new terrors! no O'Donoghoe to gratify our curioſity! ſo that at laſt, abandoning our fruitleſs attention, we took up our oars, and purſued our courſe along the ſerpentine river, labouring againſt a very ſtrong current; and paſſed at length under the arch of a ſtone bridge*, rendered venerable, in ſome degree, by time. After ſeveral miles meandering, we entred the Upper Lake between two rocks, through a very narrow paſſage called Coleman's Eye.

This ſecond piece of water, much ſmaller than the firſt, is thick ſpread with very odd-figured iſlands, and incloſed quite round with tall mountains, riſing for the moſt part from the edge of the water. It appears of an oblong ſhape, and at ſome little diſtance, above the upper end, the whole river that feeds it is formed by nature into a large caſcade, which makes a moſt glorious appearance, tumbling down the the boſom of the mountain, and glittering between the trees, with which it is on both ſides

* It is here to be obſerved, that Mr. Ockenden made this voyage in June, when the weather was probably ſerene; mine was in October, when the Lake was filled as full, by the floods and rains, as ever was remembered, and the water was agitated like a ſtormy ſea.

very

very richly embroidered. It falls more than two hundred feet perpendicularly, flowering in its deſcent, and divided into two ſheets, until, ſtriking againſt ſome ſmall craggy rocks, which project from the mountain ſide, it then forms three ſheets, and roars, and foams, and ruſhes to the bottom.

The vaſt height of the deſcent, the variety of ſtreams, and the richneſs of ſhade on both ſides, have made that great traveller doctor Pococke, biſhop of Oſſory, deem it the moſt beautiful cataract he ever ſaw in any part of the world. There might have been no occaſion of appealing to his lordſhip's high authority in this caſe, had I not been prevented from viewing this admirable object myſelf, in that complete manner I intended, by a ſhower of rain, which obliged us to return before we had enjoyed the ſight many minutes.

Our boatmen now reverſed their courſe, and rowed back with all the expedition that unceaſing purſuit of bad weather could excite. We landed at the place where we had firſt embarked, and completed our voyage before night, after having had the whole myſtery of the muſic and thunder, as we repaſſed the Eagle's Neſt, explained to us as follows.

The ſituation of the mountain on one ſide of the river, and the place from which we viewed it, being at the foot of a ſmall hill on the other ſide, have already been deſcribed. I ſhall therefore proceed to inform you, that at a ſhort diſtance, upon a choſen ſpot of ground, open to the

the mountain, but covered from us by the interpoſition of a ſmall hill, a French horn, and a ſmall piece of cannon were ſecretly planted, where, while we were feaſting our eyes upon the ſublime ſcene which lay before us, the muſic played, and the ſound cut off by the ſmall hill from our immediate hearing, was reflected by the perpendicular rock, and poured upon us, in full echo, from the mountains, with all that wondrous ſweetneſs before mentioned: which laſt circumſtance ſtill remains very ſurpriſing to me; for, in all other ecchos I ever heard, the reflected ſounds have been conſtantly lower, fainter, and leſs diſtinct, than the ſounds themſelves: but here the eccho preſerves all the ſtrength, brilliancy, and clearneſs of original muſic; at the ſame time that it ſounded in the air with an improved, an exalted degree of melody, which it is as hard to deſcribe, as to account for.

The myſtery of the muſic being thus laid open, that of the thunder will be eaſily underſtood; for, during our fixed attention, the cannon was ſuddenly diſcharged, and the loud report it then made, being echoed and re-echoed from the ſurrounding rocks and mountains, ſtunned us with all the terrifying roar and roll of real thunder, from which it could not be diſtinguiſhed.

Having thus come to a full explanation of the moſt aſtoniſhing occurrence in our whole hiſtory, I am very apprehenſive that you will be much inclined to ſlacken your attention in the pur-

purſuit of what remains to be deſcribed, that is, the particulars of our ride the next day to viſit the invirons of the Lake, and to view thoſe ſcenes by land, we had no opportunity of ſurveying by water. It will therefore be certainly moſt prudent to conclude my letter with my voyage, and reſerve the deſcription of Mucruſs Gardens, the moſt romantic in the world, to embelliſh ſome future epiſtle.

I am, &c.

W. OCKENDEN.

LETTER XXXIX.

To Lady J——N C——R.

Kilkenny, June 28, 1760.

THE very favourable reception your Ladyſhip was pleaſed to give my two letters, deſcribing the Lake of Killarney, now leads me to attempt a third, in full hope of affording ſome farther entertainment, with more particulars relating to that very wonderful aſſemblage of natural beauties: and this I am the better able to perform, as having ſince made another journey to Killarney.

We began our view of theſe environs with Mucruſs Gardens, the property of Edward Herbert, eſquire: they lie, or rather hang, upon the eaſt end of the Lake; and conſiſt of a moſt uncommon mixture of large rocks, ſhady valleys, and opening lawns, extremely lively in their verdure. The rocks are high, craggy, and their tops covered, for the moſt part, with variety of young wood: the valleys, extremely narrow,

narrow, embowered in many places by the branches ſhooting from the craggs on either ſide, wind round the rocks, and unite the lawns with a number of ſerpentine communications. The whole of theſe ſtriking particulars are ſo happily diſpoſed by nature, as to form a real wilderneſs, but vaſtly ſuperior, in grandeur, elegance, and beauty, to every thing of the kind yet attempted by art, even with profuſion of expence.

The celebrated biſhop Berkeley, when he firſt ſaw this delightful rural ſcene, could not help crying out, with ſurprize and extaſy, "Another Louis Quatorze may make another "Verſailles, but the hand of the Deity only "can make another Mucruſs."

On entering theſe Gardens we were immediately conducted to a natural terras, extending upon the verge of the Lake near half a mile, riſing and falling in its courſe according to the original unevenneſs of the ground over which it paſſes. We purſued our way along this undulating walk (to uſe a favourite epithet of poor Mr. Southcot's) till we came to the ſummit of a large mount, moſt romantically raiſed by the hand of Nature, lofty, craggy, and woody, commanding the whole extent of the wilderneſs one way, and looking down upon the Lake the other, from a rocky precipice, quite naked, except a few ſpindling branches of yew and arbutus, which, having crept out through the crevices of the marble

marble rock, hang dangling down (not without a pleaſing effect) toward the water.

From this eminence the proſpect is amazingly fine indeed, extending over the Lake among that beautiful cluſter of tufted iſlands, the oppoſite ſides of which we had, during our voyage, gazed on with ſo much rapture from Innisfallan. They hence ſeemed to us about a league diſtant. Nearer to the ſhore we beheld a ſprinkling of naked rocks, and ſmaller iſlands, which, riſing through the water, diverſified the view, and greatly improved the picture; theſe by the oddly-pleaſing rudeneſs of their ſides, and thoſe by the rich variety of ever-greens intermingled on their heads. For the ſake of viewing this capital ſcene in the moſt advantageous manner, a ſtone ſtructure is here intended to be built either in the temple, or the caſtle ſtyle, which, when compleated, cannot fail of proving a great ornament to the Gardens, Lake, and country.

We ſtood upon this choſen ſpot a conſiderable time, till the increaſing heat of the day obliged us to deſcend, and ſeek the cool ſhelter of the wilderneſs. Here we ſeated ourſelves upon a natural bench of ſtone, rendered inviting by a ſoft covering moſs at the foot of a rock, whoſe ſhaggy brow, projecting forward, ſhaded us compleatly from the

the ſun. Having ſufficiently reſted ourſelves in this receſs, we purſued our wanderings through the valleys, and over the lawns, till we came to a walk, which led us, winding by an eaſy aſcent, to the top of one of the talleſt rocks in the whole improvement, and gave us another proſpect of the Lake, leſs ample indeed, but not leſs beautiful; for, though the wilderneſs here intervened between us and the water, and covered the largeſt part of the Lake, yet, our view being to great advantage over the tops of trees, that pleaſing circumſtance made ample reparation for the loſs of all water thoſe trees concealed.

Looking northward from hence, my eye was caught by a grove of cluſtering ſtately trees, in the centre of which we could diſtinguiſh the lofty ruins of an old tower, riſing up to a mighty height. This, the gardener told us, was the remains of an old abbey, built many centuries ago, and dedicated to ſaint Finian. As it is now a part of Mr. Herbert's eſtate, and bordering within a furlong of his gardens, I make no doubt, but, one time or other, it will be taken into them: then, ſhould the principal walk, which at preſent has no particular point, or building, to terminate it, be carried into this grove, it will have a moſt noble effect, and Mucruſs Garden, on the northern ſide, be rendered quite complete, and, taken all together,

ther, the moſt delightful and romantic ſituation any where to be found.

I am, &c.

W. OCKENDEN.

END of VOL. II.

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